



CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH
NINILCHIK

SUNDAY YOUNG PEOPLE'S READING

The HOLY WAR

Made by Shaddai Upon Diabulous for the
Regaining of the Metropolis of the World

or

The Losing and Taking Again of the
Town of Mansoul

by John Bunyan

Retold in Modern English
by Jon Cardwell

July 9th, 2023
(Episode 74)

"I have given symbols..." Hosea 12:10

[While the Mansouliaus put up a valiant fight, they were overrun by Diabulous and his army of Doubters; so much so that even the Diabolonians who were hiding in the walls, dens, and holes of Mansoul were bold enough to walk the streets, to haunt the houses, and to show themselves abroad within the town.]

But Diabulous and his outlandish men were not at peace in Mansoul; for they were not as entertained there as were the captains and forces of Emmanuel. The townsmen browbeat them as much as they could. Neither could Diabulous's Doubters partake of or destroy any of the necessities of Mansoul, except for those things which they seized upon against the townsmen's will: what they could, they hid from them, and what they could not, they had with an ill-will. The Mansouliaus, poor hearts, would rather have had their room than their company, but they were at present their captives, and their captives for the present they were forced to be. But, I say, they shamed them as much as they were able, and showed them all the dislike that they could.

The captains also from the castle held them in continual play with their slings, to the chafing and fretting of the minds of the enemies. True, Diabulous made a great many attempts to have broken open the gates of the castle, but Mr. Godly-Fear was made the keeper of that; and he was a man of such courage, conduct, and valor, that it was vain to think to do that work the enemy mostly desired, as long as life lasted within him. Therefore all the attempts Diabulous made against him were fruitless. I had wished sometimes Mr. Godly-Fear had had the rule of the whole town of Mansoul.

Well, this was the condition of the town of Mansoul for about two-and-a-half years: the body of the town was the seat of war, the people of the town were driven into holes, and the glory of Mansoul was laid in the dust. What rest, then, could be to the inhabitants, what peace could Mansoul have, and what sun could shine upon it? Had the enemy lain so long outside in the plain before the town, it would have been enough to have famished them— but now, with the enemy inside, when the town shall be their tent, their trench, and their fort against the castle that was in the town— when the town shall be against the town, and shall serve to be a defense to the enemies of her strength and life, I say, when they shall make use of the forts and town-holds in which to secure themselves, even till they shall take, spoil, and demolish the castle, this was terrible; and yet this was now the state of the town of Mansoul.

After the town of Mansoul had been in this sad and lamentable condition for so long a time as I have told you, and no petitions that they presented their Prince with, all this time, could yet prevail. The inhabitants of the town, namely, the elders and chief of Mansoul, gathered together, and, after some time spent in grieving over their miserable state and this miserable judgment coming upon them, they agreed together to draw up yet another petition, and to send it away to Emmanuel for relief. But Mr. Godly-Fear stood up and answered, that he knew that his Lord the Prince never had nor ever would receive a petition for these matters from the hand of any whoever, unless the Lord Secretary's hand was attached to it; "and this," said he, "is the reason you could not prevail all this while." Then they said they would draw one up and get the Lord Secretary's hand unto it. But Mr. Godly-Fear answered again, that he also knew that the Lord Secretary would not set his hand to any petition that He, Himself, had no part in composing and drawing up. "And besides," he said again, "the Prince knows my Lord Secretary's hand from all the hands in the world; therefore He cannot be deceived by any pretense whatever. Thus my advice is that you go to my Lord and implore Him to lend you His aid." Now my Lord Secretary still lived in the castle, where all the captains and men-at-arms were.

So they heartily thanked Mr. Godly-Fear, took his counsel, and did as he had directed them. So they went and came to my Lord, and made known the reason of their coming to Him, namely, that since Mansoul was in so deplorable a condition, if His Highness would be pleased to undertake to draw up a petition for them to Emmanuel, the Son of the mighty Shaddai, and to their King and His Father by Him.

Then said the Secretary to them, "What petition is it that you would have me draw up for you?"

But they said, "Our Lord knows best the state and condition of the town of Mansoul; and how we are backslidden and degenerated from the Prince. You also know who has come up to war against us, and how Mansoul is now the seat of war. My Lord knows, moreover, what barbarous usages our men, women, and children have suffered at their hands, and how our homebred Diabolonians now walk with more boldness than dare the townsmen in the streets of Mansoul. Let our Lord therefore, according to the wisdom of God that is in Him, draw up a petition for His poor servants to our Prince Emmanuel."

"Well," said the Lord Secretary, "I will draw up a petition for you, and will also set My hand upon it."

Then said they, "But when shall we call for it at the hands of our Lord?"

But He answered, "You must be present when I write it. Yes, you must put your desires into it. True, the hand and pen shall be Mine, but the ink and paper must be yours; else how can you say it is your petition? Nor have I need to petition for Myself, because I have not offended." He also added as follows: "No petition goes from Me in My name to the Prince, and so to His Father by Him, but when the people that are chiefly concerned therein have joined in heart and soul in the matter, for that must be inserted therein."

So they heartily agreed with the sentence of the Lord, and a petition was immediately drawn up for them. But now, who should carry it? That was next. But the Secretary advised them that Captain Credence should carry it; for he was a well-spoken man. They therefore called for him, and proposed to him the business.

"Well," said the captain, "I gladly accept the motion; and though I am lame, I will do this business for you with as much speed, and as well as I can."

The contents of the petition were to this purpose—

"O our Lord, and Sovereign Prince Emmanuel, the potent, the long-suffering Prince! Grace is poured into Your lips, and to You belong mercy and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against You. We, who are no longer worthy to be called Your Mansoul, nor yet fit to partake of common benefits, beg You, and Your Father by You, to do away with our transgressions. We confess that You might cast us away for them, but do it not, for Your name's sake; let the Lord rather take an opportunity by our miserable condition to express His affections and compassions toward us. We are compassed on every side, Lord. Our own backslidings reprove us, the Diabolonians within our town frighten us, and the army of the angel of the bottomless pit distresses us. Your grace can be our salvation, and where to go except to You, we know not.

"Furthermore, O gracious Prince, we have weakened our captains, and they are discouraged, sick, and, of late, some of them grievously beaten and defeated out in the field by the power and force of the tyrant. Yes, even those of our captains, in whose valor we formerly used to put most of our confidence, they are as wounded men. Besides, Lord, our enemies are lively, and they are strong. They brag and boast themselves, and threaten to..."

... **Be Continued...**